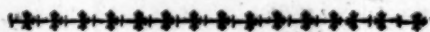


The Knife Grinder.

Tune—*Balance a Straw.*



THERE's Grinders enough, sirs, of ev'ry degree,
From jewel-deck'd great, to low poverty:
Whatever the station, it sharpens the sense,
And the wheel it goes round, to wind in the pence.
Master Grinders enough at the helm you may find,
Tho' I'm but a journeyman—Knives to grind!

Whatever the statesman may think of himself,
He turns Fortune's wheel in pursuit of the pelf;
He grinds back and edge, sirs, his ends to obtain;
And his country may starve, so he pockets the gain.
Master Grinders, &c.

"The rich grind the poor," is a saying of old;
The merchant the tradesman, we need not to be told;
Whether Pagan, Mahometan, Christian you be,
There's Grinders of all sorts, of every degree.
Master Grinders, &c.

The patriot, with zeal animated, declares
The curtain he'll draw, and display the state-players;
He is a staunch Grinder, to many 'tis known,
And they're very much gall'd by the grit of his stone.
Master Grinders, &c.

I too am a Grinder—and what, sirs, of that?
I am but in taste, since I copy the great;
To be sirs, ingenuous, I now speak my mind;
'Tis for what I can get, makes me willing to grind.
Master Grinders, &c.

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